

Ohio Happenings

BASEBALL IS FATAL TO TWO

Many Fatalities in the Forest City Are Reported for One Day—Several People Robbed.

Cleveland, O.—Death riding with the little leather sphere claimed two victims among the players of baseball in Cleveland. Another who stood by as an interested spectator was seriously injured.

One man murdered, two held up, assaulted and left unconscious on the streets, a number of burglaries, a gambling raid in which 11 men were arrested and a list of smaller affairs made up the police records.

Thrown into the chilly waters of the Vermillion river when the wash of a passing power boat swamped the canoe in which they sat, Henry Melnich and Lena Bortea were drowned before the eyes of nearly two hundred persons.

The crying of his baby for a glass of water in the night sent William E. Raddatz, 36, to a tragic death. Raddatz was awakened from sleep by the crying of the baby for a drink. At the top of the stairs he stumbled and rolled down, stopping only when his head crashed through the glass in the door at the bottom. The jagged glass lacerated his face and one large point sank into his neck, tearing open the veins and arteries.

DIES IN SHALLOW CREEK

Ohio Man, Seized With Epilepsy While Fishing, Drowns in Stream Three Feet Deep.

Wooster, O.—Clarence Holmes of Burbank, seized with epilepsy, while fishing near his home, fell into the creek and drowned. When he failed to return late in the afternoon, his father feared that he had met death. After the aged parent had dragged the creek several hours, the parent raised the body of the son from three feet of water.

Georgetown.—While killing fish with electricity taken from the feed wire of a traction line, Way Lemon became entangled in the wire and received a shock which buried him under the surface, causing him to drown.

PUMP OUT CASH PUP EATS

Doctor and Jailer Recover in Fragments \$20 Which Dog Had Consumed for Dinner.

Youngstown, O.—A stomach pump and the county physician, Doctor Baker, saved Jailer McIntire's \$20 bill after a pup had eaten the currency. Jailer McIntire had left his money in the room with the pup while he locked up a recruit. A gust carried the bill to the floor. The pup began to make a meal of it and had eaten all but a small fragment when McIntire returned. The arrival of the physician was opportune, he having been summoned to attend a patient, and the stomach pump was used to recover enough of the bill to send to Washington for redemption.

MAN SLAYS FORMER FRIEND

Vengeance Seeking Husband Shoots Enemy, Leaving Him to Bleed to Death.

Cleveland, O.—One murder, possibly two, featured Cleveland's record of crime on Memorial day. Suspecting that attempts had been made to despoil his home, John Rafferty slew Frank Enright, his former friend, in the home of the latter, the police say. For two hours Enright lay alone bleeding to death. His wife and daughter, who attended Memorial day exercises, discovered the victim shortly before he died. E. B. McAllister, 28, is in Lakeside hospital, dying from a fractured skull as the result of a street fight.

BARBER SLAIN WHILE SHAVING

Bullets, Flying After Quarrel, Pass Close to Man in Chair and Wound Bystander.

Glouster, O.—Jack Tracey shot and instantly killed Fred Reynolds, while the latter was shaving a customer in his barber shop in this city. Tom Rice, a bystander, was shot in the left shoulder, but his injuries are not serious. Tracey fled, but soon was captured by Marshal Lavelle and Loren Andrews. An old quarrel is said to have led to the shooting. Some time ago, Reynolds' father was severely beaten, and Reynolds accused Tracey. Reynolds had no chance to defend himself.

Harmon is Memorial Star.

Nelsonville, O.—The annual joint memorial service of the secret orders of this city and surrounding towns were held here. A parade was followed by a program which included addresses by Governor Harmon, Judge O. W. H. Wright of Logan, Judge Claypool of Chillicothe and a memorial sermon by Rev. Leon Argee of this city. The visitors were guests of Mayor T. E. Wells. In the morning Governor Harmon addressed the Berean Bible class and also the veterans of the Civil War.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York. Cure Fevers, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Measles, Etc. Sample FREE. Address: Mrs. Gray, 100 West 10th St., New York, N. Y.

Lame shoulder is almost invariably caused by rheumatism of the muscles and yields quickly to the free application of Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment is not only prompt and effective, but in no way disagreeable to use. Sold by all dealers.

Wedding invitations—Dispatch office.

The Man of Many Parts

He was a shy-looking man of small stature, with watery blue eyes and nervous, twitching mouth; his age, anything between 30 and 50, for there was a singularly youthful expression about his smoothly-shaven face that countless wrinkles belied on close proximity.

When I first saw him he was in his shirt sleeves, busily engaged in transferring a motley collection of scenery for a railway van to the interior of the local hall.

It was a windy day, and as I was passing a sudden gust drove a piece of scenery he was carrying into my face, which sent my straw hat bowling merrily down the road.

We both set off in hot pursuit, but I, being faster of foot, had secured it and was brushing away the dust when he arrived on the spot, puffing and blowing. "I am—sorry—sir," he managed to ejaculate between gasps of breath. "I wouldn't have had it happen for fifty kroner."

I looked at him closely as he spoke, but there was no shade of satire in his voice. He was deadly in earnest. Later in the day I met him again, still busy. This time he was delivering handbills relative to the great dramatic feast that was to take place that night within the four walls of Roskilde Hall.

Opposite where I stood a marvelously realistic picture was plastered on the wall, which showed "The Temptress," a highly colored young person in a very low-cut evening waist offering a glass of wine to a vacuous youth with canary-colored hair, whilst fluttering from her disengaged hand was a slip of paper labeled "poison."

At that moment the little man came up, smiling significantly as he caught the direction of my eyes. "Don't miss it, sir," he said, casting a sidelong glance of admiration at the terrifying dæmon, "Miss Julia Hammerly as 'The Temptress,' sir, supported by a powerful company of well-known Copenhagen artists." His voice died into an awed whisper—then he pressed a bill into my hand and trudged cheerfully away.

As a visitor from the metropolis, I was not disposed to venture on any rash experiments—added to which, lurid drama holds no place in my affections; yet, somehow, I wanted to see my little friend again. He was so delightfully enthusiastic. Further along the road I met others of the company—they looked cheap and shoddy, and were not delivering handbills, but loading from a saloon.

I began to feel an intense respect for my little friend. True to my prognostications, the hall was comparatively empty; and I sat in solitary state within touch of the footlights. The interval between my arrival and the rise of the curtain was in a way relieved of monotony by furtive peeps into the auditorium from faces behind the act drop, and dismay was manifest. Roskilde is a notoriously "bad egg" for theatrical enterprises, and I began to feel sorry for Miss Julia Hammerly and her powerful company.

Presently a stout, florid gentleman bustled in from behind the screen and, sitting down at the piano, rattled off a few well-worn airs with startling rapidity. Then the curtain rose.

Of the drama I remember nothing, for my interest was centered on the little man with the shy, earnest face, who first appeared as a faithful servant in a wonderful dress suit that must have been dealt out to him by the good old master he spoke so frequently of, for its antique cut and curious hobnails gave him much the appearance of a dissipated cocktail. In this he had a lot to say about the present struggle that was more pointed than flattery, and was subsequently driven out of the house in which he had "served faithfully high on fifty years," by the squire himself with a hunting crop. This gave him an opportunity to don a slouch hat and stand at the head of the infuriated villagers to demand the whereabouts of Miss Elsie, the farmer's pretty daughter.

As no information appeared to be forthcoming, he slipped off to appear as a constable in time to handcuff the heartless ruffian at the conclusion of the act.

When the curtain rose again he had lapsed into villainy as a blasé roué and accomplice of Hilda, "The Temptress." He was singularly unadapted for this particular part, but struggled manfully to assert his claim to being "a very devil." Yet no black moustache or throaty ha, ha, could rob that mild little face of its natural offensiveness, and I confess to a sigh of relief when he went off to add to his list of crimes and returned as a sleuth-bound of justice, "with a large pocketbook and side whiskers."

Perhaps his greatest triumph was as the broken-hearted father of Miss Elsie, enveloped in primitive frock coat and bereft of side whiskers, who had journeyed on foot to London and appeared to be seeking his lost child through the cracks of the stage.

He was a good old man and I felt genuinely sorry when his meditations

"It cured me," or "it saved the life of my child," are the expressions you hear every day about Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. This is true the world over where this valuable remedy has been introduced. No other medicine in use for diarrhoea or bowel complaints has received such general approval. The secret of the success of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is that it cures. Sold by all dealers.

Regulates the bowels, promotes easy natural movements, cures constipation—Don't Regulate. Ask your druggist for them. 25 cents a box.

—Try the Dispatch, \$1 a year.

on solitude were cut short by a knife-thrust from the wicked squire, who was then leading a very full life, assisted by "The Temptress" in varied costumes.

At this unhappy ending I began to think my little friend had at last completed his share of the night's bill; but not a bit of it, for there he was in the next scene as the French priest, breathing words of consolation to the dying Temptress and, incidentally, receiving her confession. And again as the family lawyer bringing news of the legitimate heir who had been spirited away by the base squire and his paramour.

And then—oh, shades of remorse—his last effort was my undoing. I had sat patiently through nearly five acts with a face stolid as the sphinx; but when he dashed on as the missing heir in a jaunty knickerbocker suit, and pink cheeks to denounce the wicked squire, it was the last straw, and I burst into laughter.

In a moment I checked myself, but it was too late, and I noted with sorrow the look of anger directed, not at me, who deserved it, but towards the unfortunate property man, who had brought ridicule on the sorry exhibition.

Instinctively I knew the big pimply-faced villain was his master, and a hard one at that; the lean, callous, looking woman his mistress; the others fawning toadies, who would add their quota to aid in his downfall.

Long after the doors had closed and the scant audience had dispersed I waited for his approach. He came at last, very slowly and with stooping shoulders, like a man who had striven hard and failed.

"I want to congratulate you," I said placing a friendly hand on his arm, "on a very clever performance."

"I thought you were giving me in the last bit, sir," he replied, with faint suspicion.

"Not at all," I answered cheerily. "I was laughing at that big donkey who played the squire."

"And they all thought—"

He stopped abruptly, and his face wrinkled into a smile.

"I got the sack tonight," he went on, wistfully.

"You'd do better in Copenhagen," I began, impressively. "And if you won't think it too great a liberty from a comparative stranger, who imagines business has been none too good lately, I'd like to lend you this trifle until we meet again. Good night!"

I glanced around when I got further up the road. He was still standing in the same position, gazing awestruck at the banknote.

I felt glad I had helped the indefatigable little worker, and even better pleased to know I had raised him once more on to his pedestal of hope.

—Harold Loevgren.

There is a proprietor of a shop in New Haven, a man of most excitable temperament, who is forever scolding his clerks for their indifference in the matter of possible sales.

One day, hearing a clerk say to a customer, "No, we have not had any for a long time," the proprietor, unable to containance such an admission, began to work himself into the usual rage. Fixing a glassy eye on his clerk, he said to the customer: "We have plenty in reserve, ma'am, plenty downstairs."

Whereupon the customer looked dazed; and then, to the amazement of the proprietor, burst into hysterical laughter and quit the shop.

"What did she say to you?" demanded the proprietor of the clerk.

"We haven't had any rain lately,"—Harper's Weekly.

Rib Roast.

"These are my jewels," said the Father of the Gracchi (who, needless to explain, was a born plagiarist).

"Huh," quoth Apollonius—or was it Apollinaris—"what would you call your wife?"

"My wife, sir," replied the Father, "is my floating indebtedness."

How She Knew.

Mrs. Young was in tears. "You have ceased to love me!" she sobbed.

"What makes you say that, darling?" inquired Mr. Young, anxiously. "You know it is not true."

"But it is. You no longer tell me that old lie about how you were detained at the office by extra work!"

The Way the Boy Took It.

A boy, having been sent by his mother for some rock and rye, entered the nearest drugstore and astonished the clerk by saying:

"My mother wants ten cents' worth of your rotten rye."

No Hope.

"I started life on \$1 a week, young man," said the millionaire.

"Alas, sir! I can never hope to attain to a success like yours, sighed the youth. "My first employer couldn't be persuaded that I was worth less than \$20 a week!"

Out of a Job.

"I have often found it hard to live within my income."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, but still it is easy compared to the other thing."

"What other thing?"

"Living without it."

Two Contributed Jest.

The Southsayer—I congratulate you. You will inherit great wealth before the year is out.

Cient—How about advancing me a century on the prospect?

Church Control in Russia.

There are no corners in Russia. The burials are under control of the church and the police, and all cemeteries are owned by the church and the municipality. Cremation is contrary to law, but it has been suggested from official sources.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will brace up the nerves, banish sick headache, prevent drowsiness and invigorate the whole system. Sold by all dealers.

Geraniums, 4-inch pots, 10 cents each. Sharkey, the Florist, Austintown.

CLEANING AND GOSSIP.

Some men can't make good even with free raw material.

Dogs, horses, cattle, mice, even fish have cancer. In Tunis and Abyssinia cancer is unknown.

Lovers of New Jersey applejack will be disturbed by reports that the outlook for the apple crop in New Jersey is unfavorable. The San Jose scale has affected the trees. Some orchards have been destroyed, and many others seriously damaged.

Detroit has expended \$7,889,511.90 on its pavements in the last eight years. Of this sum, \$2,563,082.13 was spent on new pavement, that is, in paving streets which previously had been unpaved. The remainder of the sum, \$5,326,429.77 was spent in repaving, resurfacing and paving repairs.

A year and a half ago the Lackawanna railroad installed the telephone system of operating trains over a part of the line near Scranton. It found the telephone service more satisfactory than the telegraph, and this has been extended until, now all its trains except those on one branch in New Jersey are operated by telephone.

Chicago is to have a polyglot newspaper. It will be published by the united societies for local self-government, in the interest of the "home-rule" and personal liberty principles. The paper will be printed in English, German, Polish, Bohemian and Italian, and it is expected that later there will be editions printed in the languages of each nationality represented in the societies.

The acting commissioner of Internal Revenue informs an inquirer that apothecaries are not required to pay special tax to the United States for keeping spirits of wine in stock for use in making up prescriptions, "provided the spirits of wine before being sold is compounded with drugs sufficient in quantity and amount to alter its character and render it unsuitable for use as a beverage."

State Food and Dairy Commissioner Wright, of Iowa, proposes an exhibit and demonstration of impure foods in place of the pure food shows that have been popular for several years. He has instructed his deputies to collect samples of impure food and see that a display of them is made at the several county fairs throughout the state. Instruction will be given by the deputies how to detect adulterated and misbranded food-stuffs.

When Thomas Hiffel, now dead, painted "The Last Spike," which pictures the scene of the completion of the Central Pacific railroad and its junction with the Union Pacific, it was understood that he would receive \$50,000 for the work. There was a misunderstanding, and the painting was left on his hands. Now that John Washburn, his son-in-law, is negotiating for its sale to an eastern man for \$10,000, San Francisco people are trying to raise the money necessary to keep it in the city. Four hundred persons are shown in the painting, 70 of them by portraits.

According to the Boston Advertiser's John Lorraine, newspaper men are well treated at the White House nowadays. Sometimes Mr. Taft sees them while senators wait in the ante-rooms. "On Sunday last," writes Lorraine, "a large number of correspondents were with the president for two hours, having quite a visit with him and smoking Taft cigars. If any correspondent does not know where the president stands on important questions, he is obtuse or unenterprising indeed. Yet he is said that the president is not using the press. No inspiring is being done. It is the correspondents that seek the president, and at all times he is frankly illuminating."

Marshall Bell, a wealthy resident of Newburg, caused something of a surprise recently by filing a voluntary application to be adjudged a bankrupt. His liabilities were stated to be \$112,000, but on the day fixed for creditors to appear, claims to the amount of \$2,000 only were presented. In his application Bell alleged that he got into a brace game of faro in New York city and played rashly until he lost all the cash he had with him and gave in addition his notes for \$110,000. The faro dealers were too shrewd to attempt the collection of a gambling debt in the bankruptcy court. The referee will settle the claims presented and Bell will probably get his discharge.

The duel as understood by German army officers may be a pretty serious encounter. When Lieut. Granier and Lieut. Switzer fought, the conditions made it impossible that honor should be easily satisfied. These were the conditions: Alternative pistol shots, with 30 seconds aim at 10 paces, till one should be unable to continue the combat. Lieut. Granier had the first shot. He seemed to aim carefully at his opponent's head, but missed. Lieut. Switzer aimed, but when he pulled the trigger his pistol missed fire. This counted as a shot, however, and he again became the target. This time, apparently, Lieut. Granier meant business. Switzer fell, with a bullet hole through a lung. He died 36 hours later.

STRAW HATS

for Men,

Boys and Children

50c to \$15.00

Geraniums, 4-inch pots, 10 cents each. Sharkey, the Florist, Austintown.

Ann-ying.

"Why does your excellency look so annoyed?"

"News of a revolution has just reached the palace," replied the president of Colombia.

"Pooh, that will be over by noon."

"I suppose so," snapped the president petulantly, "but there's a bull fight scheduled for the morning."—Philadelphia Ledger.

One of the Symptoma.

"But," queried the sweet girl graduate, "how can I tell when I am in love?"

"Oh," replied the fair widow, "when you think you think as much of a young man as you think of yourself—that is love."—Chicago News.

One On the Dentist.

"Phony are yex laughing so, me bye?"

"Shure, Oi can't help ut. Oi want to th' dentist."

"Yes?"

"Awn th' blackhead pulled th' wrong tooth. Ain't thot a joke on him!"

No Wonder.

Bottle of Ginger Ale—Yes; I hate these temperance cranks.

Lemon Squeezer—My! You don't say!

Bottle of Ginger Ale—Yes; if I'm ever drunk it will be on account of them.

Mrs. Waldo (of Boston)—I have a letter from your uncle James, Penelope, who wants us to spend the summer on his farm.

Penelope (dubiously)—Is there any society in the neighborhood?

Mrs. Waldo—I've heard him speak of Holsteins and Guernseys. I presume they are pleasant people.—Christian Register.

Mary—I wonder why swells wears an eyeglass?

Jane—Why, to block up one eye, so that they shall see just as much as they can understand at a time.—Christian Endeavor World.

"Your tickets were complimentary, were they not?"

"Well," replied the man who had seen a painfully amateur entertainment, "I thought they were until I saw the show."—Tit-Bits.

"Your hair wants cutting badly, sir," said a barber to a customer.

"No, it doesn't," replied the man in the chair; "it wants cutting nicely. You cut it badly last time."—Democratic Telegram.

"I see your boy has a little hat chest."

"Yes; but I fear he'll never make a president."

"Doesn't chop down your favorite cherry tree, eh?"

"No; he chops up my favorite golf sticks."—Washington Herald.

Mrs. Hopper—It's just as much economy for me to pay \$25 for a hat as for you to pay \$20 for a fishing trip.

Mr. Hopper—How do you make that out?

Mrs. Hopper—I get something for my money.—Boston Herald.

"What did you think of my graduation essay?" asked Miss Clarissa Corn-tassel.

"Well," answered her father. "I must say you're ahead of your brother, Josh. It's easier to understand than a college yell."—Washington Star.

The Strouss-Hirshberg Co.,

Youngstown, O.

On Saturday, June 4,

We Begin the Sale of Our Great

\$5000.00 Purchase of

Beautiful Ostrich Plumes

At About Half Value

IF YOU BUY IT AT

THE STROUSS-HIRSHBERG CO.

132-136 W. FED. IT'S ALWAYS GOOD YOUNGSTOWN, O.

YOUNGSTOWN'S LARGEST CLOTHIERS

141-143 W. Federal St.

Youngstown, Ohio

Youngstown, Ohio

Youngstown, Ohio

Youngstown, Ohio

Youngstown, Ohio

Youngstown, Ohio

Youngstown, Ohio

Youngstown, Ohio

Youngstown, Ohio

Youngstown, Ohio

Youngstown, Ohio

Youngstown, Ohio

Youngstown, Ohio

Youngstown, Ohio

Youngstown, Ohio

Youngstown, Ohio

Youngstown, Ohio

Youngstown, Ohio

A SAVINGS ACCOUNT

A GOOD INVESTMENT

With a little perseverance you can save a little money.

With more perseverance you can save more money. No matter how little or how much, we can help you with the interest of 4 per cent we always pay to depositors in our savings department.

How much can you save?

Better begin now if you are not already a depositor.

In our Commercial department a check account insures every financial convenience consistent with conservative banking.

The Farmers National Bank,

Canfield, Ohio.

FREE! FREE!

Twenty-five cents worth of any goods in our store

This is the most liberal offer ever made by us or a drug store anywhere. We are so anxious to have you try Rexall Pearl Tooth Powder that we make this inducement at a loss. Makes the teeth shine like pearls.

REXALL PEARL TOOTH POWDER

To every person who buys a can of this delightful dentifrice at the regular price of 25 cents, we will give 25 cents worth of any article or goods in our store. It can be sundries or cigars; no matter what you want.

THIS OFFER GOOD FOR

JUNE 6 AND 7

We cannot continue this offer after the above date because we only have a limited number of cans for this purpose. Rexall Pearl Tooth Powder is the finest dental preparation we have ever sold and we want you to try it.

CHI-NAMEL DEMONSTRATION

Same Days, June 6 and 7.

FREE! During this demonstration we will give away free a \$2.50 floor outfit.

F. A. MORRIS

The Rexall Store CANFIELD, OHIO Phone, 103

The Strouss-Hirshberg Co.,

Youngstown, O.

On Saturday, June 4,

We Begin the Sale of Our Great

\$5000.00 Purchase of

Beautiful Ostrich Plumes

At About Half Value

IF YOU BUY IT AT

THE STROUSS-HIRSHBERG CO.

132-136 W. FED. IT'S ALWAYS GOOD YOUNGSTOWN, O.

YOUNGSTOWN'S LARGEST CLOTHIERS

141-143 W. Federal St.

Youngstown, Ohio

STRAW HATS

for Men,

Boys and Children

50c to \$15.00

HARTZEL'S

YOUNGSTOWN'S LARGEST CLOTHIERS

141-143 W. Federal St.

Youngstown, Ohio